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in the infallible advice and long continued treatment of the chiropractor. For instance, one child was being boarded in the city in order to have its spine massaged, the parents being promised that within a period of three years the throat would be cured. An operation seemed so horrible.

In talking over the matter with Dr. C., an eminent throat specialist in Victoria, he said that it was not altogether the fault of the people, that in the past years surgeons had not been conservative enough in their operative work and that the result was the swinging of the pendulum to the other extreme, and we fail to get work done that means so much for the future health of these children.

Dr. D., secretary of Provincial Board of Health, in his lectures throughout British Columbia, strongly advocates the establishment of health centers supported by taxation. In these centers it is planned that preventive medicine should be the chief subject of instruction and practice, and the advice of the best medical authority may be had for one and all. Dr. D. contends that if the money for support is raised by taxation, as for school purposes, the people will not hesitate when the visiting nurse recommends free treatment as they would in a charity hospital. The great object in his campaign is to remedy, for the future generation, the 80 per cent of the preventable defects as reported in the recent war statistics.

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### THREE CASES: THE MONEY TEST

BY AGNES JAMES, R.N., AND KATHARINE JAMES

*Cincinnati, Ohio*

*(Continued from page 24 of the October JOURNAL)*

I had been there almost a week before I discovered Lyda's love story. It was one evening when I'd run through "Oh, Promise Me," on the victrola for the steenth time for her, with the lights lowered, that I saw she was weeping silently. The prospect of something sentimental cheered me a good deal, so I put on Tosti's "Good-bye" and prepared for confidences.

The poor thing was tickled to pieces to talk about it, but instead of the confession of unrequited affection I had expected, I found that it was quite the contrary. She loved and was loved by a young man who was employed in a select drug store in the neighborhood. He was quite qualified to fill prescriptions, she said, but in the hot weather he helped with the soft drinks; and it was while sampling a Victory

sundae, that she first gazed into his eyes, and all the summer she had drunk long and deeply at his counter.

The friendship had grown and flourished under the very eyes of the unsuspecting Hutchinses. Of her brother-in-law she was not so afraid, but of what Daze would say and do, she was in mortal terror. Of course she had decided that ultimately there was nothing for them but the sweet sorrow of parting, but in the meantime she ached for a sight of him. Poor little soul; it was so simple that it was pathetic, and while I believe some women are happier with a hopeless love than any other sort, she was the type who was spoiling for a little two by four flat, and a man coming in for three meals a day.

My mind was working in spite of me, but I must admit that the arrangements which followed were prompted less by solicitude for Lyda, than by another emotion that Daze had kindled in my breast.

"I'm expecting a gentleman to call this evening," I said shyly to her, after dinner a few nights later. Mr. Hutchins, standing on the hall rug, smoking his cigar, took notice and looked at me, surprised but benign. His wife regarded me spitefully and called out to the butler, who was passing, that "the nurse's young man" was to be shown upstairs when he arrived. To my mortification I felt myself color furiously, which fact was not lost on anyone.

I tell you I felt a good deal of a martyr as I went upstairs. My patient was in such a flutter of nervousness and emotion that it was a terrific business getting her ready; and by the time Parkins had escorted my expected caller into my presence, I was so fussed I almost forgot to pretend that I knew him. He played back very well.

We sat down on an adorable couch in the little hall, and talked as naturally as we could, till I was sure that Parkins had evaporated. Then I opened the door of Lyda's room, and there she was with the couch pulled as close to the threshold as I could get it. I turned my back on the meeting, and sat outside in the hall in case of accidents. Everything passed off all right and we were all so elated, I actually went downstairs with "my Henry" at parting. To my dismay, Mr. Hutchins materialized from somewhere, and in the friendliest manner in the world approached. There was nothing for it but an introduction, and when I went back upstairs, they were still talking at the door. I didn't tell that to Lyda, for she'd never have slept a wink. As it was, she didn't stir all night, which was a good deal better than I did.

Next day, just what I dreaded happened. I knew by the way Dr. Slater looked at me, that Daze had waylaid him, and filled him up. He seemed sort of puzzled, but asked me in the nicest manner, when it was to be. I believe I'd have blurted out the truth, but two silly tears came into my eyes, so I had to pretend I was laughing and

covered with maidenly confusion, which perplexed him more than ever.

If anything could have consoled and rewarded me, it was Lyda's happiness and gratitude, and I knew that a second visit from Henry would be inevitable, not only for her sake, but to satisfy Mr. Hutchins' friendly interest in my attachment.

He expressed his opinion that my friend seemed to be a right smart fellow, and that, in appreciation of my kindness to Lyda, he'd be glad to put him in the way to better himself. Daze looked down her nose and said: "All things considered, it might be wiser not to lift him out of his station," a remark that decency forbade me replying to in her husband's presence, but it lent its influence to my resolve to help things along, and Henry was communicated with, without delay.

This time we were bolder, and in a fit of recklessness I left my post at the head of the stairs. My patient and her caller comfortably installed, I curled myself up on a sofa in the hall, where I was within sight and call without disturbing their privacy. Dr. Slater had not paid his customary call that day, but I simply imagined it was because he did not consider it necessary. The truth was, he'd been rushed to death and had put us off till after dinner. Daze met him in the hall and insisted on bringing him up—to embarrass me, of course—and there was I, calmly asleep on the couch, and my patient and my caller oblivious to everything but the society of each other!

I don't know what Dr. Slater looked like, but Daze's expression, as she confronted them, drew from Lyda one scream, which brought Mr. Hutchins three steps at a time, and needless to say, wakened me very effectively. It would take a literary genius to do justice to what followed. Daze naturally took the center of the stage and for want of words, accomplished a series of explosive shrieks. Lyda kept her nerve surprisingly, and I was quite proud of the quiet way Henry faced the whole thing. Mr. Hutchins was fully occupied in trying to calm his wife, and looked profoundly miserable. Of course, Dr. Slater turned to me for an explanation and I gave him the best I could under the circumstances. He seemed surprisingly relieved, and thanks to him Daze was finally rendered harmless and led away.

Once she had gone the atmosphere cleared miraculously. Mr. Hutchins was fine to Henry, and told Lyda he was real glad for her, and that they'd just have to do their best about Daze till she came around. I left the three talking and slipped into the hall, where I waited for the doctor coming from Daze's room.

I felt terribly nervous, as of course the whole thing was my fault, but when he came I told him everything from the beginning, and that

none of us had intended the deception to go further than just a friendly call to help Lyda's loneliness and give them more courage for a final parting.

He smiled, "Well, it would certainly have been a pity to have made a tragedy of their lives on account of Mrs. Hutchins, so it has really turned out admirably, but in future I wouldn't let my sympathy lead me quite so far."

"It wasn't my 'sympathy'," I flashed out, and I told him about the soup.

I thought he'd be ill with laughing. Then he stopped long enough to ask me if I considered the punishment adequate for the crime, because he didn't want to leave me on the case if I felt I had any more grudge to work off. I said I was willing to call it even, and that if he'd forgive me for the fuss I'd gotten him into, I'd be a model from now on. He's the best thing on earth, and we shook hands on it. The last thing he said to me was: "What you need is to develop a little thicker skin and a keener sense of humor."

Well, I tried to, but it was pretty hard to find anything funny in the days that followed, but finally Mrs. Hutchins came round, and by that time Henry had a new job in a big wholesale drug house, which she could make sound quite swell. Lyda and he were to be married as soon as she could walk properly. By the time I went home, preparations for the wedding were in full swing and in spite of the protests of the bride and groom-to-be, one could see that a terrific function was under way.

Of course I told Mary everything, and being Mary, she had to see even Daze from a charitable angle.

"She was only true to type, Cordelia," she said, "and you know riches are a terrible test of character."

"I wouldn't mind having the money test applied to mine," I answered.

"Seems to me," she said, laughing, "you've had it!" Which, all things considered, was the truth.